

## **Words of Tribute to Deputy Fire Chief Richard C. Bacon**

*The following speech was delivered by Dick Bacon's nephew, Greg Rich, at the dedication ceremony for Dunstable Engine #6, which was dedicated to the memory of Deputy Chief Bacon, who died in the line of duty on August 5, 1999. The engine number was Dick Bacon's radio call sign.*

Good Evening and thank you all for coming on this rainy evening.. The morning of August 5th 1999 was the day we lost a very well loved member our family. My uncle was a very large part of our family. With his death, a piece of all of us died that morning. He was the one who was always strong, who always could take care of things, who was always right there, and now he was gone. There isn't a day that goes by I don't think of that morning, that trip to the hospital, and the doctor telling us that he was gone. It was a devastating blow to my family, he was only 46 years old and had a lot of living left to do. We had so many more BBQ's, birthday's, family outings, and holidays left, how could we do it all without him. His loss cannot be described by words, but only felt in our hearts.

We tend to look more toward the brighter side of things though. Dickie left us with so many more happy memories then sad ones. Anyone who knew my uncle could agree with that. My uncle was more of a father to his sisters then a brother. His idea of a goodtime was scaring away boyfriends my aunts would bring home. Wanna hear a funny joke? Ask my uncle he'd have plenty for ya, make sure the kids aren't around for some of them. Practical jokes? Oh yeah, he had one with your name on it. He pulled some good ones in his time, some of which we still talk about today. The one quality of my uncle's that sticks with me the most was the kind of man my uncle was. He would give you the last dollar he had and the shirt right off of his back. I am very thankful that the everlasting memory of my uncle will always be his sensational humor, quick wit, and bright shinning smile, a smile that no matter what was going on, or how bad life got, would just make you feel a little better.

On behalf of my family I wanted to thank each and every one of you who came tonight. In the days, months, and years after my uncle passed the family has looked for ways for his memory to live on in the town he loved so much. We may have scholarships, tee-shirts, and a yearly golf tournament in his memory, but this says it all. It's been just about 7 years since my uncle left us that August morning, but this is living proof that his memory hasn't been forgotten. With the dedication of this truck tonight, I know his memory lives on in the minds of more then the family that he loved so much, but in the minds and hearts of the people of Dunstable and its surrounding towns. My uncle did so much for this town and this department. He always did things and never took credit for it, he just never wanted to be in the spotlight. Well Uncle Dick, tough luck, tonight the spotlight is on you and you sure do deserve it. We know your looking out for us, and your other family down at the firehouse. We know you're always with us each and everyday and the guys at the firehouse know every time that truck rolls, your right there with them, looking over and keeping them safe. Uncle Dick, to this day, we miss you, and we love you.  
Thank you.